



April Sonnet

**The austerity of winter dwindles now;
green leafbuds bulge, and yellow catkins bloom.
There can be no one unaware of how
the earth puts by the liturgy of gloom
for the heart-waking utterance of spring . . .
The flying cloud possessed by wind and sun;
antiphonals the loosened rivers sing
on greening shores; birds with new nests begun
under sun-brightened eaves or leaf-lipped hedges;
and resurrection of forgotten things:
seedlings and dry cocoons on lonely ledges
turning from dust and dark to leaves and wings.
The paschal candle of the spring is lit
and all the earth is glorified with it.**

Alice Gustava Smith, CSJ